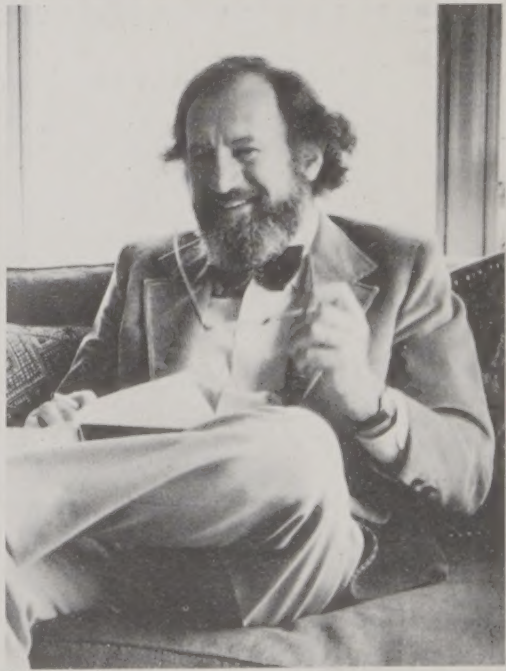
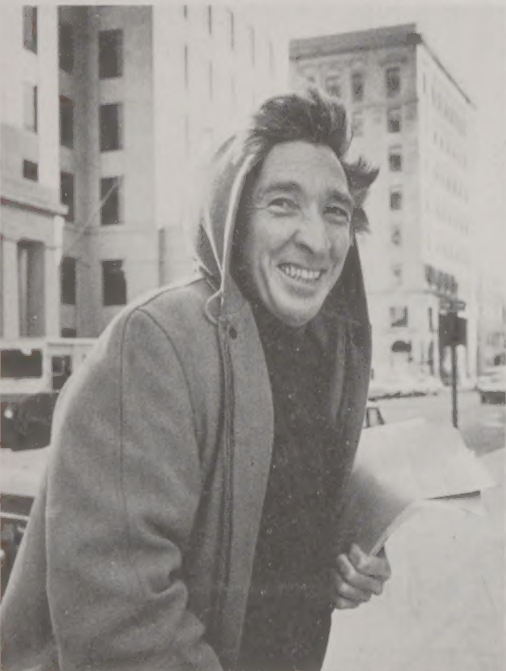
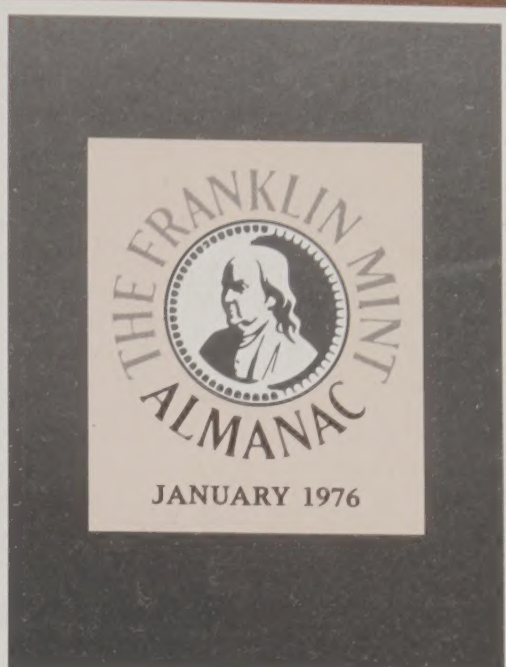
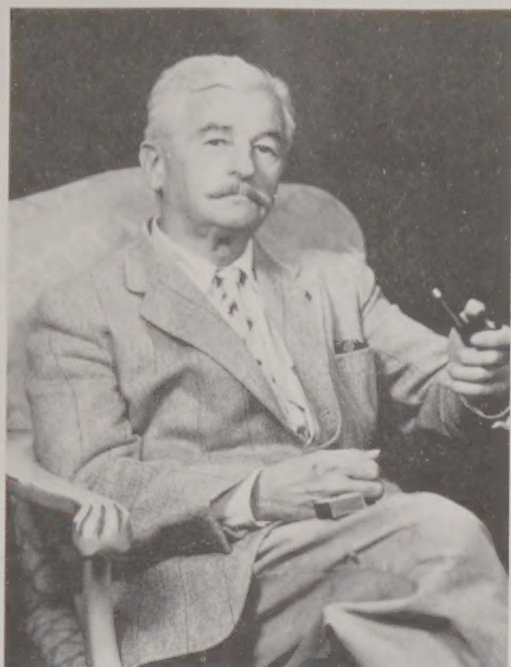






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COVER: Authors whose works will be made available to Franklin Library's First Edition Society include:
Top row from left; William Faulkner, James Dickey.
Middle row from left; Truman Capote, Kurt Vonnegut Jr.,
W. H. Auden. Bottom row from left; John Updike,
Vladimir Nabokov, Joseph Lash. All photos (except Faulkner)
© 1975 by Jill Krementz. See story beginning on Page 3.

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Leather-bound first editions by today's greatest authors

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PHOTO CREDITS: Cover (Faulkner photo), Bettmann Archives; pages 8 through 12, Armstrong Roberts; page 18, Larry Stevens; page 19, Historical Picture Service; page 20, Bettmann Archives.

Author Leon Uris talks about . . .

The First Edition Society

*Major new books by today's greatest authors
to be issued in leather-bound First Editions*

"We were in Israel when the call came in from Ken. Jill and I. And I remember the connection wasn't too good. So — at first — I couldn't quite understand what Ken was talking about. Something about first editions, my new book, other authors — Truman Capote, William Saroyan, Vladimir Nabokov."

The speaker is Leon Uris, author of some of the most important American novels of the past decade — works such as *Exodus*, and *QB VII*. Jill is his wife — dark-eyed, quiet, strikingly attractive. She is a professional photographer who took the pictures for, and worked as co-author with her husband on his last book, *Ireland: A Terrible Beauty*. Now, she sits across from him at the large round table and

watches her husband quietly, intently.

Ken is Kenneth McCormick, senior consultant editor for Doubleday & Company, Inc., and Uris' personal editor. Also Uris' friend, mentor and adviser.

They are together in the Platt Room of the Century Club on Manhattan's 43rd Street, west of Fifth Avenue. The club is typical of many in New York. Old, prestigious and exclusive. And, as befits a 19th-century institution founded by "one hundred gentlemen engaged . . . in letters and the arts," the Century Club's rooms are walled with books.

Its members are writers, editors and educators — book lovers all. The tone is hushed, the mood subdued. Money does not change hands in-

side the Century Club. The taking of photographs is forbidden.

The Platt Room is on the fourth floor and is of a piece with the Century Club. High-ceilinged and softly lighted. Old oil paintings of past members — paintings now darkened by time — hang along one wall. Books of every shape and condition — their bindings of aged leather, some obscurely titled, but many by celebrated authors — cover another. There may have been a fireplace. There are no windows. A small table near the door holds drinks — old scotch, older sherry — glasses and ice.

In the center of the room stands the large round table under its gleaming white coverlet. It is empty now except for cutlery and china. Later, silent



" . . . I got really excited."



" . . . important for our kids."



" . . . we've got to get back."



" . . . what kind of a future?"



Author Leon Uris studies an illustration for his new book, "Trinity."

waiters will serve rich New York food. At the table are Uris, across from him his wife, next to her his editor.

Also there is Robert Vincent O'Brien, Publisher of The Franklin Library, with his white beard, vivid blue eyes and the mischievous air of an Irish preceptor. His two associates are relaxed yet serious. Two others at the table are a young press representative and the editor of the *Almanac*.

The talk is of books. Of Uris' latest, as yet unpublished book, *Trinity*. And about The Franklin Library—which

will publish that book in a strictly limited *first edition*—exclusively for members of a new group known as The First Edition Society.

Uris tells how, in an overseas call, he first learned of The Franklin Library's request to publish his new book in a limited, leather-bound edition. He was in Israel with Jill, doing research for yet another writing project still in the future.

"After I understood what Ken was telling me; when I realized the full impact of the idea, I really got excited

about it," Uris says. "I was flattered and, frankly, I was honored. It felt good that my book would be the first book ever published for The First Edition Society. And not just in a deluxe edition, but as a *first edition*. There's something about a leather-bound book that's—I don't know, what's the word—'aristocratic'?"

There is something about Uris. Not really "aristocratic"—yet *somehow* different from the other people in the room. And everyone senses it.

Dressed in a suit of blue-green Irish tweed and a not-quite matching tie, he is easy and relaxed as he listens to his questioners. His face is handsome and half-smiling, his manner straightforward and reasonable. His answers humorous and full of charm. And, yet, there is something else about him—and it is quietly troubling.

His latest book, *Trinity*. What is it about?

"About Ireland—Northern Ireland. About the terrible spectre of a nation committing suicide, knowing there's not a thing in the world you can do about it."

Why is that?

"Because the problems are so complex, the bitterness so deep. And because nobody really gives a damn about what happens in Northern Ireland—at least nobody in a position to do anything about it."

Not the British?

"Oh, sure, they'd like to see the thing settled—on almost any terms. They're sick of the situation, and they'd like nothing better than to get the hell out of there. But they're trapped. They can maintain just enough control to keep the whole country from blowing up, but—short of total, all-out military occupation—there's no way they can enforce a lasting peace in the six northern counties. And Britain has neither the will nor the means to do that."

How about the United States?

"After our recent experience in



Franklin Library creative director Gordon Fisher shows Uris a leather book binding.

Southeast Asia? I don't think the United States is about to get itself involved in another country's internal struggle thousands of miles from home. Besides, we just don't have any great economic or security interests in that part of the world. Now, if we did, or if some other great power did, the situation might be different. But we just don't.

"And so the killing will go on. One people, living in the same streets, speaking the same language—some of them the most charming people you'd ever want to meet. And they're slaughtering each other—and both invoking the same God as they do it.

"It tears you up. A child of six or seven shot dead in the street for chasing a ball where it shouldn't go. A woman browsing in a shop, or a group of pals sitting at the bar of a pub—telling stories as only the Irish can—and suddenly they're blown to bits by a gelignite bomb tossed through the window."

Mr. Uris . . .

"It's Lee."

Lee, you're Jewish, and it's easy to understand your motivation in writing *Exodus*—certainly your most popular book—about Israel's struggle for independence. But the fight in North-

ern Ireland is between Catholics and Protestants. Why are you so personally involved?

Until now, his answers have been quick. The answers of a man who knows his subject so well he doesn't have to hesitate. Now he does. And, in that few seconds' pause, there's time to study the man again. To make an assessment and fix it in the mind.

He is, above all else, a professional. A writer who uses his talent with disciplined efficiency. He would likely—if too modestly—call it his craft, rather than his art. He is determined, assured, confident—even as he peppers his conversation with the hip jargon of youth. His gestures are abrupt and emphatic. He is remarkably handsome, with tousled, whitening hair, and the strong features of an outdoor face.

Yet, there is something more—something missed.

"I suppose I was drawn to Ireland because of the extraordinary similarities between the Jews and the Irish. The Jews and the Irish—what marvelous people they are! How much alike to each other they are, and how different from others. And how much they've both suffered for those differences.

"I talk about the parallels between the Jews and the Irish in a special foreword to *Trinity* I wrote for The First Edition Society.

"Both are deeply religious people. Both have suffered terrible oppression over the centuries—the Jews during the Nazi holocaust and the Irish, more subtly, under years of British domination. Yet both have maintained their wild sense of humor and a glorious gift of language. Just look at the writers and poets they've given to the world . . .

"There are a lot of other similarities. One I mention in the foreword deals with the fact that both the Jews and Irish occupy poor lands. 'If only Israel could send its extra sunshine to



Editor Ken McCormick listens as Uris talks of his new book in the Franklin Library.

Ireland in return for some of Ireland's excess rain'—it went something like that.

"Besides, dammit, somebody's got to tell the world what's happening over there. Hell, I'd rather write spy stories. But somebody's got to tell it."

The conversation in the Platt Room is directed away from Uris and turns to the idle, simultaneous chatter that signals the end of the interview.

Riding back from the Century Club to The Franklin Library editorial offices on Third Avenue, the cab is shared with Ken McCormick. A chance to learn more about Uris. About where and how he lives and works. Perhaps something about that missing, incomplete—*something*.

The words are McCormick's.

"Lee lives in Aspen, Colorado. Partly because of the skiing—which he does from two to four hours every morning in the Winter—and partly, I suppose, to get away from distractions. He writes in the afternoon, breaking off for dinner, which is sometimes late.

"He is an almost maniacal researcher, and he's never satisfied until he knows *everything* that he can know about a subject. On *Trinity*, he went to Ireland with his wife for six months.

They drove 10,000 miles through Ireland—that's like driving 10,000 miles through Rhode Island!

"Jill is a professional photographer and took about 5000 pictures. A great number of them in Londonderry—the Irish call it 'Derry'—and in Belfast. But she also took pictures of the wild coastal beauty and endless rustic charm of the farms and small villages. And these pictures have helped

Lee keep the scenes in mind as he writes.

"Lee also bought books in Ireland—dozens and dozens of books on Irish history and folklore. Anything that could tell him more about Ireland and about why the Irish are the way they are. And these books—there must be two or three hundred books—are read and reread. He keeps them with him and refers to them constantly to

keep his perspective and history straight. He also has a detailed map of Ireland on the wall in front of him as he works.

"On the wall of Lee's office, also, is the entire cast of characters of *Trinity*—about a hundred people in all. Their relationships and their interrelationships, as well as their ages and life spans, are there to keep him from going astray.

"How fast does he write? With reasonable speed when the story is going well, and agonizing over a paragraph or a page when it isn't—just like any other author. Good days and bad days.

"Working with him though, is very rewarding. He'll sometimes call me in New York and ask if I have a minute. That means I'll be on the phone for fifteen or twenty minutes just chatting. Then he'll get around to what's bothering him about the novel, or about a new idea or direction.

"Sometimes, he calls because his instinct tells him he's off on a wild chase and should check his enthusiasm. And, sometimes, he's quite right—and he simply wants confirmation. At other times, he'll ask for suggestions, although he usually doesn't take a direct suggestion. Still, he *will* use a suggestion as a kind of springboard to get himself back on the right track.

"Once, in working on a novel, he got himself distracted for about 40,000 words on a whole scene about Hollywood that had absolutely nothing to do with the novel he was writing. He was simply freeing himself of some pent-up emotions about Hollywood—which he frankly loathes. He loves movies, but he doesn't love movie makers so much. Anyhow, after some talk, the 40,000 words came out.

"But let's get back to his work habits. When Lee is writing, it's his whole world. Skiing is his only break, and it's good for him. It not only gives him exercise, it takes him out of the house and gets his mind away from his work long enough to refresh himself.



Leon and Jill Uris — author and photographer — husband and wife.

"Yes, like a lot of writers, Lee works on a short fuse, and he *is* emotional. But unlike some *temperamental* authors — which Lee is not — *his* emotions allow him to penetrate into the emotions of his characters and get deeper into his subjects than a straight, head-on, scholarly approach would.

"I find Lee very exciting to work with. Sometimes a bit of trouble, but very rewarding."

The cab ride ends back at The Franklin Library's offices. Uris is already there, and although he is behind schedule—he is in New York only to read galley proofs on *Trinity*—he agrees to spend a few more—it turns out to be several more—minutes in private conversation with the interviewer. "Private" including Jill and Ken, both of whom—it is now obvious—are part of him.

The questioning is routine and dull.

He was born in Baltimore. No, he doesn't read Mencken. His family was poor. Yes, he always wanted to be a writer—from the time he was about six. No, he never thought of being anything else; never really worked much at anything else. No, he doesn't write short stories; doesn't know how. No, he doesn't know how to become a writer—except to write. Yes, he had plenty of rejections in the early years.

It's apparent the questions are annoying Uris. He obviously is tired of talking about himself. Surprisingly—at least to the interviewer—he wants, instead, to talk about The First Edition Society. The idea excites him—and his enthusiasm is genuine.

"I think it's a hell of an idea!" he says. "You know, it's important that this country kick the 'boob tube' habit pretty soon and get back to reading books—good books. And it's *damned* important that we get our kids back to reading. Otherwise, what kind of a future have we got?

"Now with these First Editions of new books—they're all going to be bound in real leather, right?—you've

got books—a chance to build a library you can pass on to your kids.

"And look at some of the writers they've got lined up. O.K., I *include* myself. But look at the others. There's James Dickey, and Irving Stone, Arthur Miller, Kurt Vonnegut, James Jones, Robert Penn Warren, W. H. Auden—John Updike, for gosh sakes.

"I think it's the most exciting idea to hit the publishing business—the most exciting idea for people who read and collect books—since I don't know when."

By now, Uris has loosened his tie. He seems ready to go on—even to *argue* the point. But it's late in the afternoon, and Ken leans over and touches his shoulder. It's time for them to get back to work.

A few minutes later, Uris is on the way back to his suite at the Hotel Algonquin. Back to reading galley proofs with Jill and Ken. Back to a part of the necessary work of being a writer.

Still later, coming out of the Lincoln Tunnel and making the wide sweep to the left that rises toward the Jersey Meadows and the Turnpike home, a low Winter sun slants in over the Hoboken bluffs and flashes off the midtown towers of Manhattan, leaving them flaked with scales of gold.

And, in that same instant, a thought flashes in the mind.

It was Uris' eyes. All along, it was there in his eyes. They were the haunted eyes of a man who has seen, perhaps, too much.



What is The First Edition Society?

The Franklin Library, publishing division of The Franklin Mint, is the nation's leading publisher of custom-designed books in strictly limited editions and has been instrumental in reviving the age-old tradition of collecting fine, leather-bound books.

Shortly after its founding in 1974, The Franklin Library began publication of *The 100 Greatest Books of All Time*, followed shortly thereafter by the Pulitzer Prize collection of those outstanding works of American fiction that have won our nation's most prestigious award for literature.

Now, The Franklin Library has established *The First Edition Society* specifically to bring, to readers and book collectors alike, finely-crafted *first editions* of important new works by today's best read and most honored authors.

Each First Edition will mark *the very first publication* of one of these outstanding new books. To document this fact for future generations, each volume will contain a statement of authenticity that forever attests to its First Edition status.

The first volume to be made available to members of *The First Edition Society* will be *Trinity*, a new novel by the best-selling author Leon Uris, which will be published by The Franklin Library—in a leather-bound limited edition—exclusively for Society members.

A single idea that binds a nation together

*The National Governors' Conference Bicentennial tribute
to the individual heritage of each of our fifty states*

FIFTY states. Fifty *sovereign* states. Each with its own chief executive, its own legislature, its own courts, its own customs—and its own unique heritage. Yet so firmly bound together, as one people with a single ideal, that they form a great inseparable Union—The United States of America.

There has been no other country quite like it in the history of human affairs. For no other union among sovereign states has been so successful—or lasted so long.

And it is in this spirit that the National Governors' Conference—whose membership includes the Governors of all fifty states—will issue its own official series of Bicentennial commemorative medals—a series that will pay official tribute to the separate and unique heritage of each of the states that make up our nation.

Ironically, in the early days of the American Revolution, the prospect of the peoples of the Thirteen American Colonies even *having* a heritage to celebrate some two centuries later was more than unlikely—it was remote. And the idea that they would, one

day, come together to form one nation was even less likely.

For the people of those colonies came to this strange new continent *separately*, over many years and from many lands—driven from their homelands by both political and religious persecution, by poverty, by hunger, and by social repression. Some came simply because they were spurred by a spirit of adventure. But most of all, they came to be free.

And, in the end, they forged a nation whose bedrock was freedom—not only freedom of speech and religion—but freedom for the individual and freedom of opportunity.

Yet, that freedom did not come freely with the new land. To gain and secure it, Americans had to fight—first against the wilderness and then, for many of them, against the country of their birth. And yet, despite all odds—all *reason*—they won their



freedom, in a long and bitter struggle with what was then the mightiest power on earth.

With their liberty won, Americans cleared the land and built the cities and pushed west. Across the Alleghenies and over the Ohio, through the midland forests to the Mississippi. And yet, as they grew in strength and number, so did their problems grow — until, finally, they had to test their resolve to be both free *and* united. They did so in a bloody civil war.

Perhaps it was the memory of the chaos they had left behind them on that fragmented continent of Europe that strengthened their determination not to let that kind of fragmentation happen here.

By whatever cause, the call to sectionalism and secession was beaten, union was preserved, and America remained a united country of one people. Then, with the fraternal quarrel settled, the country moved on again — still further westward over the broad plains and high mountains to the broad Pacific shore. America now spanned a continent of her own.

Today, from the clear vantage point of 200 years, Americans can pause, along with the Governors of their fifty states, to look back — to examine again the kind of country we have made. To remind ourselves of the *uniqueness* of America.

And what a country it is!

America is New England — from the Green and White Mountains of

Vermont and New Hampshire, where the taciturn Yankee still settles his own affairs with a "Yep" or "Nope" at the town meeting — to the picturesque fishing harbors of Maine and Massachusetts. A six-state province unto itself, New England could fit, though not quite unnoticed, into a small corner of Texas. Yet it remains as different from the rest of America as Scotland is from Greece.

It is a place of snug, white, steeple-topped hamlets that hug the bottoms of the highest mountains east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas. And it is peopled with a happy breed of Americans that ranges from the New York advertising executive who makes his home in Connecticut to the Gloucester lobsterman who takes his living from the cold Atlantic, up to a hundred miles at sea; from the muskrat trapper of the Maine woods to the medical student in Boston — a city of lively politics and sober, Emersonian intellectuals.

Yet, all are Americans — and the shoemaker of Rhode Island is brother to the sheep rancher of Wyoming.

America is the Mountain States — where the broad-shouldered Rockies rise from their foothills in northern

New Mexico to tower across Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and Washington — on through the forests of western Canada and right into the very heart of America's outpost state, Alaska. Indeed, their perpetually snow-topped peaks, visible to the naked eye from as far as seventy miles away, remain the single dominant *physical* fact of America.

Along both slopes of this geologically young giant live a robust people who breathe the clearest air in America and whose every day is enriched by the majestic beauty of their still sparsely-settled Big Sky Country. Yet, the devout Mormon Elder of Salt Lake City is quite different from the free-wheeling cattle trader of Denver. One, for instance, insisting that the Rockies rise in the west, while the other knows they lie to the east. Different, yet the same.

The Mountain States is a high place of ski runs and cattle ranches, of timber camps and natural spectaculars, of baking potatoes and leg of lamb on the hoof. Five states whose mines give up most of the nation's copper, silver, gold and uranium and much of the nation's coal and iron. And whose five million people — fewer than live in



New Jersey—are not the least embarrassed that they have not yet given America a President.

America is the South. The New South of Atlanta and Jacksonville. The Old South of Lexington and Bowling Green. The Mid-South of Memphis and Charleston. The Deep South of Little Rock and Vicksburg. And the creole-scented South of the Mississippi Delta.

The South has given America its greatest number of Presidents. Fifteen, in all—if you count Texas and Missouri. And Virginia alone has been the birthplace of eight of them.

Today, no section of the United States is changing more rapidly or growing faster than the South. Once largely agricultural, rural and, for the most part, poor, the South has outgrown and outlived the decades of deprivation that began after the Civil War and did not end until long after the Great Depression.

Today, most of the South is more prosperous than ever; much of it is thriving, and some of it is booming!

Even so, it is still a land of courtly manners and gracious living. Of family ties and deep loyalties and long memories. (The scars of the Civil War *have* been largely forgotten, but the heroism of the Boys in Grey has not.)

But today, there is a new spirit in the South as America celebrates its 200th Anniversary. And it is reflected in the soaring skyline of Atlanta and in the hearty invitation of a Savannah

banker: "Y'all come again real soon, y'heah!" It's seen in the busy shipyards of Mobile and the roaring steel mills of Birmingham; in the bilingual port city of New Orleans and in the spanking new resorts along the Carolina shore.

No one today questions whether the South will rise again. It has risen!

America is the Plains States. And they stretch for *endless* miles—not just as you drive across them, but even as you *fly* over them. The wheat fields of Kansas and Iowa and Nebraska and Minnesota and the Dakotas. Golden grain, golden corn, hogs and cattle—more than enough to feed America; enough to feed half the rest of the world as well. The Breadbasket of America!

The people of the Plains, mostly of northern European stock, are hard-working, neighborly, thrifty, sensible and—in growing numbers—rich! Which is understandable, because they live on—and farm—some of the richest soil on the face of the earth.

Given good land, long hours, a chance for a fair profit—and a break from the weather—and the Ameri-

can Midwesterner can raise more crops and better food to feed more people at lower prices than any other farmer in the world.

Not surprisingly, the Midwesterner also has fewer of the problems that beset much of America today. Less unemployment, lower crime rates, cleaner cities, lower taxes, better education and, just maybe, more fun.

That *could* be because the fellow on the street corner in Des Moines doesn't give a hoot who the President of France is.

America is the Middle Atlantic States—an inexactly defined area, and bigger than it used to be. Twenty years ago, the Middle Atlantic States could be identified as—and were limited to—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and, perhaps, the District of Columbia. Today, it includes much more. For the growth of America has blurred out sectional boundaries and erased—for practical purposes, at least—the arbitrary lines on a map.

Today, the Middle Atlantic States and the Middle *Eastern* States are one, and incorporate all that area of America lying east of the Mississippi River and north of the 38th Parallel—excluding, of course, New England, which would sooner be cast adrift into the Atlantic.

From the docks of Hoboken to the livestock pens of Chicago; from the iron mines of Michigan to the coal pits of West Virginia—this is the corner of America that, more than any other, makes the country tick.



Here are concentrated the greatest mass of brains and muscle to be found in the civilized world. It can fairly be said that nowhere else on earth is there such an abundance of commerce and arts, industry, education, energy, finance, research and all-around expertise. It is America's storehouse of creative genius.

It is more. It is some of the oldest land on this planet — and it contains some of the most wondrous works of both nature and man's intellect. From the Palisades along the Hudson to the inland Great Lakes. From the skyscrapers of Manhattan to the higher skyscrapers of Chicago — and from the huge steel furnaces of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana to the Arch in St. Louis that marks the Gateway to the West.

Its people range from the urbane and resilient New Yorker to the stolid Pennsylvania Dutchman — "Cookin' lasts, kissin' don't" — to the brave coal miners' wives of West Virginia to the open-faced shopgirls of Chicago — the best groomed, best looking women in

America — Dallas belles notwithstanding.

America is the Southwest. Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and, of course, Texas. The *big* Southwest! Everything about it is big — from the Grand Canyon to the Houston Astrodome.

Why, a man could walk from Paris to Rome sooner than he could get from Brownsville to the tip of the Panhandle. That's not surprising, because every state in the American Southwest is bigger than some European countries — and Texas is bigger than most of them!

Texas is so big, in fact, it can subdivide itself, any time it wants to, into five *separate* states. That was part of the deal Texas made with the United States back in 1845, when it agreed to give up its own sovereignty as a Republic and come into the Union.

There is, of course, more to the Southwest than wide open spaces. (It's just that there's so much of it, it keeps getting in the way of everything else.)

For one thing, there's oil — lots of it. America's largest proven reserves of oil still lie below ground in Oklahoma and East Texas and under the waters of the Mexican Gulf.

There's more. There's cotton and cattle; great rivers, like the Rio Grande, the Red and the Colorado; cities whose names ring familiar in the outlaw lore of the Old West, like San Antonio, Santa Fe, Dodge City and Tombstone.

And more. Nevadans are not offended if the world thinks of them in two words — Las Vegas. In Arizona and New Mexico, the scenery is so spectacular that it is, *literally*, breathtaking. There is also the living heritage of past cultures, both Spanish and Indian, throughout the Southwest.

And in Dallas, of course, you find the best groomed, best looking women in America — Chicago beauties notwithstanding.

There is no arguing with a Texan.

America is the West Coast. The Coast. One thinks of California and Los Angeles. Of Hollywood! But the Coast runs from San Diego to Seattle, and much of the most beautiful part of it lies in the north, along the Pacific shores of Oregon and Washington.

Which is not to say that California can be overlooked. Not likely! Generally blessed with the nation's balm-



rest weather. Californians are, by nature, an outdoor people who enjoy the good life — and they know it. And so they accept with a knowing smile the jibes of their less fortunate neighbors in the East.

It may still be true that most Californians were born elsewhere. True, but unimportant. For Californians, homegrown or otherwise, hold their state dear. They are proud of California — and with good reason.

California produces some of the world's finest, most consistent wines — and a lot of it — its fattest strawberries, biggest oranges, best — and worst — movies, and the tallest, healthiest kids in the country. And more of those kids go to college than those of any other state.

If that weren't enough to make anyone pack up and head west, California also has the mighty Sierras at its back, the blue Pacific at its door and San Francisco in its heart.

Legend, if not fact, has it that it rains a lot in the states of Washington and Oregon. Their winters are said to be damp; their summers brief; their spring and fall fleeting. Both states al-



so are known for their rugged, sea-swept shoreline and for the stands of giant sequoia and redwood trees — the oldest living things on earth — that carpet their mountains and high plateaus in seemingly endless forests.

Yet there must be more — much more — to these two states that guard the northwestern corner of America. For why else should they be the only two states in the Union that have actively *discouraged* tourists from sharing whatever secret it is they're hiding?

America is Alaska and Hawaii. The one big and cold; the other small and warm.

Except that they are both states of the Union, Alaska and Hawaii have virtually nothing else in common. One third of Alaska's land mass lies north of the Arctic Circle; its interior is forbidding and its population so sparse that it cannot be counted in terms of people per square mile. (Actually, it has one person for every *two* miles.) And there are more than *twice* as many people in the Hawaiian capital city of Honolulu (630,000) than there are in the whole of the state of Alaska (305,000).

Still, the untapped mineral and timber riches of Alaska — the huge oil fields at Prudhoe Bay are only a small part of Alaska's mineral wealth — are such that she is rightly consid-



ered America's future treasure trove.

At its nearest point, Alaska is barely fifty miles from the Siberian coast of Russia, from whom the United States purchased Alaska's 586,000 square miles in 1867 for *two cents* an acre! Surely one deal in which Uncle Sam skinned Ivan the Bear.

Lying more than 3,000 miles due south of the Alaskan mainland, the islands of Hawaii — six main islands and countless smaller ones — string out along the Tropic of Cancer like an emerald necklace in a teal blue sea. The closest thing to Paradise under the American flag, Hawaii is a wonderland of beautiful flowers, beautiful birds and beautiful people.

With the addition of Hawaii as a state, America for the first time gained a people who can trace their multi-racial ties to the Far East as surely and as proudly as the New Englander can boast of his European roots.

America is America! All fifty of her states. All her cities and mountains and rivers; all her natural beauty, and all her man-made wonders. And all her 214 million *different* people.

That and more. For America is also a single *idea* that binds together these diverse peoples and this vast expanse of the earth's surface into a single, united republic. The idea that a responsible people have a right to be free — and the right to have that freedom respected.

And the idea works. To the wonder and envy of the rest of the world — it works! This is our true glory.

This is the miracle of America.

And it is to pay tribute to the heritage of freedom enjoyed by each of our fifty states that *The National Governors' Conference Official Bicentennial Medals* will be issued.

• • •

Franklin Mint collectors will learn more about this important new issue in the very near future.



The Collector's Forum

Collector finds new joy

I've been collecting coins and medals for 20 years, but not since I was a young boy have I been so excited about a new addition to my collection. I refer to *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Medals* sculpted by Gilroy Roberts, which I recently acquired. It is the most beautiful I have ever owned.

I think my feelings about the medal are best expressed through the following:

As a young boy in the late 1950s, my favorite coin was the "Walking Liberty" half dollar. Unfortunately, I couldn't afford a Proof version, and those I found in circulation were only in fair condition. So, you can imagine my joy when one day I received an uncirculated 1933-S "Walking Liberty" half dollar in change. This coin is still a highly prized part of my collection.

The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Medal brought me that same feeling of pride and joy! I thank The Franklin Mint and Gilroy Roberts very much.

T.E.D. / California

And we thank you for sharing this story with us.

Exhibition a resounding success

I am writing to publicly thank The Franklin Mint Gallery of American Art for its splendid cooperation and assistance in making our recent exhibition, "America the Beautiful," a resounding success. The exhibition, which featured the eight paintings commissioned by The Franklin Mint Gallery for its *America the Beautiful* print series two years ago, also included several other paintings by the eight regional artists featured in The Franklin Mint Gallery's print series. The exhibition drew the largest attendance of any show of its type we have ever held.

Because of its importance, we have published a 40-page catalogue of the exhibition which illustrates all of the paintings shown—24 of them in full color. We felt your readers, especially those who subscribed to the print series, would like to know that this catalogue is available for \$3., postpaid, by writing the R.W. Norton Art Gallery, 4747 Creswell Avenue, Shreveport, Louisiana 71105.

Jerry M. Bloomer / Louisiana

A music lover writes

Just finished reading the story "A Young Man's Search for His Art" in the October *Almanac*, and I want to add my name to Donald Everhart's list of admirers. I have the "Formation of the Iroquois League" medal he sculpted for *The Franklin Mint's Medallion History of the American Indian* series, and I think it's one of the best in the collection thus far.

The main reason I'm writing is to let you know that my husband and I share Donald Everhart's love of rock music and we'd like to suggest a medallion collection of some of the "greats" of rock, such as Jimmy Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Frank Zappa, the Beatles, etc. If The Franklin Mint ever decides to offer such a collection, you've got an eager buyer.

S.M.G. / Maryland

Fan of Shakespeare

Just a word of commendation on the beautiful books I have received from The Franklin Library. They are exquisitely done, and I am proud to own them. The *Shakespeare* volume is a delight.

I hope Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* will soon be forthcoming to accompany the fine volume of the *Aeneid* we received. Keep up the fine work!

G.C. / New York

Impressed with article

I am writing this letter to apply for membership in The Franklin Mint Collectors Society. The Society came to my attention recently after I had returned from displaying my collection of First Day Covers—which date from 1958 to the present—at a local hobby show.

On my return to work on the Monday following the show, I was given a copy of the October issue of the *Almanac*—the issue which announced the formation of The Franklin Philatelic Society. I was never so impressed with an article before, and I hope the Society will become of great importance to all stamp collectors.

D.G.W. / Pennsylvania

Your membership application is on the way.

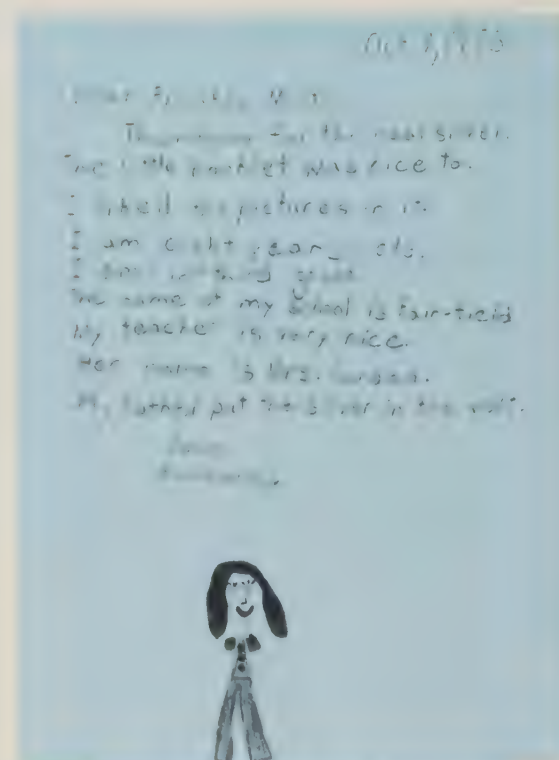
How did William Penn get up there?

Enjoyed reading your article on Philadelphia's City Hall in the November *Almanac*. But please go one step further and tell me how the enormous statue of William Penn was erected on top of City Hall. Being in the construction business, I have an idea how it could have been engineered—but I would surely appreciate your getting the facts for me.

J.K.S. / Ohio

P.S. Your cover photo of the "Magnificent Model T" really made me envious. My wife and I have a 1923 Model T "Depot Hack," and in our favorite Model T color—black.

The experts at Philadelphia's City Hall gave us the answer to your very good question. They tell us the statue was cast and delivered to the City Hall courtyard in 14 pieces, where it was put together to make sure all the pieces fit properly. It was then taken apart and each of the 14 pieces was hoisted to the top individually. At the top, the statue of William Penn was reassembled as you see it today.





*More than 150,000 visitors
view the personal works of
Franklin Mint artists
at Philadelphia exhibition*

THERE were dramatic still lifes and portraits — in both oils and acrylics; delicate watercolor landscapes; powerful photographs; startling graphics and, of course, sculptures — both abstract and realistic. In all, 129 original works of art by 46 artists — all members of the creative staff of The Franklin Mint.

And their work, covering a wide spectrum of art, was there to be judged. The setting was Philadelphia's striking Center Square Galleria, bridging the new 36-story ARCO Tower and the 43-story First Pennsylvania Bank Tower building at 1500 Market Street.

The time was early November, as

some 400 invited guests gathered at a preview reception for "Showcase 1975," the fifth annual showing of the personal works of the mint's artists, sculptors, designers and photographers — all done in their free time and for their own pleasure.

The exhibition was arranged by Franklin Mint Director of Communications Norman L. Braun and his staff and staged by Tim Carter, the mint's Director of Creative Design.

The following morning, the exhibition was opened to the general public — free of charge — and, by the time "Showcase 1975" closed on November 22, 1975, an estimated 150,000 persons had viewed the assembled works of the largest creative staff of any mint — public or private — in the entire world.

During the course of the preview showing, Charles L. Andes, board chairman of Franklin Mint Corporation, awarded more than \$3,000 in

cash prizes to fifteen mint artists in five different categories. In addition, a special "Purchase Prize" painting was presented by Andes to Philadelphia Children's Hospital for the hospital's permanent art collection.

The watercolor painting, *Mario Heads the Pack*, by Franklin Mint Designer Tom Hook, was accepted on behalf of the hospital by Robert Fleisher, a member of the hospital's board of directors.

In brief remarks to the preview audience — made up of the news media, members of the Philadelphia art community, and government and civic leaders, Andes said:

"We are extremely proud of the creative talents of the men and women of our artistic staff, and we are indeed fortunate to be able to call on their creativity, day in and day out, to produce lasting works of art for Franklin Mint collectors."

Prizewinners in the "Showcase

*\$3,250 in prizes awarded
at "Showcase 1975" opening*

First prize winners in The Franklin Mint's "Showcase 1975" competition included, left to right: Graphics — "Horizons" by Domenick P. Rizzio; Photography — "Profound Consciousness" by Bjornar Kjell Winters; Oils and Acrylics — "Farewell View" by William Shoyer; Watercolors — "Still Life with Mushrooms" by Gerald R. Miller; Sculpture — "Plastic Elephant III" by Daniel Stapleford



1975" art competition included:

Oils and Acrylics: First prize — *Farewell View* by William Shoyer; Second prize — *Tonton Henri* by Yves H. Beaujard; Third prize — *Rue Mouffettard* by James Ferrell.

Watercolors: First prize — *Still Life With Mushrooms* by Gerald R. Miller; Second prize — *Strafford Station* by Thomas E. Hook; Third prize — *Winter Wash* by Silvio T. Romano.

Sculpture: First prize — *Plastic Elephant III* by Daniel Stapleford; Second prize — *Tomorrow's Promise* by Rita Andrusko; Third prize — *Harry* by James Ponter.

Graphics: First prize — *Horizons* by Domenick P. Rizzio; Second prize — *Mid Ohio* by Warren R. Smith; Third prize — *Coal Car* by Jeffrey Apoian.

Photography: First prize — *Profound Consciousness* by Bjornar Kjell Winters; Second prize — *Jazzman* by Michael P. Grugan; Third prize — *Wheat in The Wind* by Dorothy Price. (P)



Franklin Mint Board Chairman Charles L. Andes, left, presents "Mario Heads the Pack" to Robert Fleisher, board member of Philadelphia's Children's Hospital.

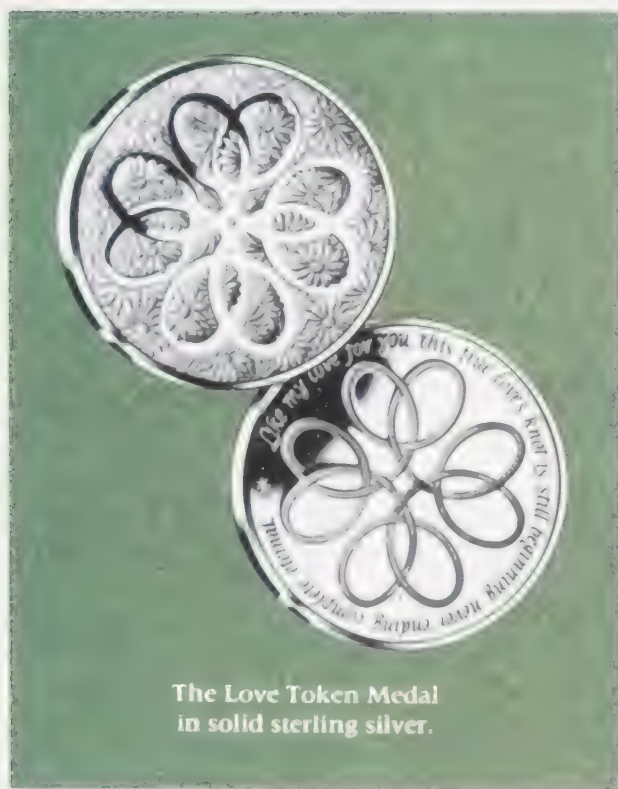


*A very special work of art
for collectors to own — and to give . . .*

The Love Token

. . . by The Franklin Mint

*As a collectible, in the form of a medal. As a gift, in the form of a pendant.
Orders for the medal must be postmarked by January 31, 1976.*



**The Love Token Medal
in solid sterling silver.**

THROUGHOUT history, men and women have sought to convey, in some tangible and lasting way, the love they have felt for one another. Artists, composers, poets, kings and commoners alike have given and received very personal tokens of their love — tokens carefully chosen to express this deepest and most intimate of human emotions.

And now, it is in this timeless tradition that The Franklin Mint has — for the first time — created a beautiful and enduring work of medallion art to capture forever that eternal message of romance — of heartfelt affection — and of deep, abiding love.

The Love Token.

This beautiful and important new work is being issued both as a fine art medal and in the form of a pendant. And the medal — which will be minted in solid sterling silver — is being made available *exclusively* to Franklin Mint Collectors Society Members.

It is highly appropriate that this *first* Franklin

The medal is reserved exclusively for Collectors Society Members

Mint love token medal is made available only to Collectors Society Members. For they, more than most others, can appreciate the special place that love tokens have traditionally held — as a possession to be cherished and as a gift that says “let us share the things that matter most to us.”

The obverse of *The Franklin Mint Love Token* portrays the traditional Lovers’ Knot — long a symbol of everlasting love — intertwined with wild daisies. The reverse repeats the Lovers’ Knot motif, and adds the inscription:

*Like my love for you, this true love’s knot is
still beginning, never ending, complete, eternal.*

As a medal, *The Love Token* measures a full 39mm in diameter and is struck with a brilliant Proof finish in a full 500 grains of solid sterling silver. It will be issued in a deluxe presentation case.

The ordering deadline for *The Love Token* medal is January 31, 1976, and there is a *strict limit* of one Proof medal for each collector. Furthermore, since the edition is strictly limited, the total mintage of the medal will be forever equal to the exact number of orders from Collectors Society Members that arrive postmarked by that date. The pendant will be made more widely available.

* * *

It could be said that the ancient Greeks created the first love token of the western world in 375 B.C., when the Grecian city-state of Cilicia portrayed Aphrodite — the goddess of love — on its coinage. And the rulers of Rome, both during the Republic and later under the Empire, followed the Greek example by depicting their own loved ones on coins of the realm.

Mark Antony, admittedly a man given to romantic excess, portrayed all three of his wives — including Cleopatra — on the coinage of the Roman Republic. His great adversary Caesar Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, decreed that the portrait of *his* wife, Livia, appear on the Roman dupondius — along with the word *Pietas* — meaning “dutiful” or “pious” — which appears on this coin under the profile of the Empress.

The creation of love tokens like these, moreover, had a significance that extended into other areas of art. For they helped begin a tradition that saw the expression of love immortalized in great



The Love Token Pendant in solid 18-karat gold is shown in its deluxe presentation case.

and timeless works of art of many kinds.

It was the memory of his beloved Beatrice, for example, that inspired the Italian Renaissance poet Dante to pen the immortal *Divine Comedy*. The famed composer Frédéric Chopin wrote some of his most enchanting nocturnes during summers at the French country house of that notorious lady who wrote under the name “George Sand.”

And, though the Duchess of Alba appears cool, even remote, in the deceptively sedate portrait painted in 1797 by the impassioned Spanish artist Goya, a restoration of the painting many years later revealed her long-hidden declaration of love for the artist. For, at the base of the painting, were uncovered the words *Solo Goya* — Only Goya!

Still, it has been the medallion love token — the love *medal* — that has had the most significance for collectors and their loved ones over the years.

Such love tokens gained especially wide popularity in this country during the war between the states. Both Union and Confederate soldiers — and especially prisoners of war in both Northern and Southern stockades — spent long hours using rough stones to grind away the design on one side of a coin. Then, using a nail or other sharpened instrument, they carefully carved the initials of a loved one into its smoothed-out face.

In fact, so popular did these and the other "home made" love tokens that followed become that, in 1882, the United States Mint had to increase the production of dimes to keep up with the demand for this most popular of the "love token" coins. However, the passage, in 1909, of federal laws designed to prevent the mutilation of U.S. coins did much to curb the practice of converting them into love tokens.

And now — today — The Franklin Mint has revived the time-honored tradition of *The Love Token* in a brilliant work of medallic art. A medal that is both important and thoroughly enchanting. A significant and desirable expression of our most tender feelings.

Unlike the converted coins of the past, *The Franklin Mint Love Token* is a superb example of the minter's art at its finest. Created by the renowned sculptor Jane Lunger, from a design conceived by Franklin Mint artist David Bonner, *The Love Token* is crafted in precious metal to the highest and most exacting standards of the world's foremost private mint.

Moreover, because it makes a valued "gift of sharing" both *for* and *from* collectors, Society Members may order *The Love Token* in its pendant form with *no quantity limitations*. Thus, each Member may order the medal for his own collection *and* pendants for his loved ones.

The Love Token pendant measures 32mm in diameter and is minted with an integral loop for hanging. It is available in solid sterling silver, in gold electroplate on sterling and in solid 18 karat gold. A matching gold-filled or sterling silver neckchain and a deluxe presentation case will accompany each pendant.

The Love Token medal — which is reserved exclusively for Members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society — is minted only in solid sterling silver. And there is a *strict limit* of one Proof medal per collector.

Collectors Society Members may use the special order form opposite page 16 in this issue to acquire both *The Love Token* medal and *The Love Token* pendants. Please remember, however, that orders for the medal *must* be postmarked no later than the January 31, 1976 deadline to be accepted.



Love tokens from out of the past. In top photo are two love tokens, circa 1885, fashioned from U.S. and Canadian dimes. In the lower photo are three love tokens made from U.S. 1883 gold and silver coins



WERE it not for George Grenville, a number of things might never have happened.

The names of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson might today be unremembered, and Sam Adams would have had to pick a fight with someone other than George III. July 4th would be just another sultry summer day. The Sons of Liberty might never have been formed; nor the Revolution fought. A stately old elm might still spread its branches where Boylston Street turns into Essex off Boston Common. And America might today be included as a part of the British Commonwealth.

But Grenville changed the course of history when, as Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, he formulated the Stamp Act of 1765, through which he hoped to extract £60,000 a year from the American Colonies.

It was this act of fiscal arrogance—more so than any other single event—that led to the American struggle for independence. And its unifying effect on the thirteen American Colonies was both immediate and electric!

Not the least of the repercussions of this ill-conceived measure—despised by most British as much as by the Americans—was the almost simultaneous formation throughout the Colonies of opposition Committees of Correspondence, Committees of Safety and, most especially in the City of Boston, the group known as the Sons of Liberty.

Led by the spitfire Adams, this band of young American patriots took up the cry of "No Taxation Without Representation!" and proceeded—using methods as direct as they were unsanctioned—to thwart Grenville's purpose. And they picked as their rallying point a majestic 120-year-old elm tree near the southeast corner of Boston Common, at a point then known as Hanover Square.

And it is this tree, the first hallowed *Liberty Tree* of American history, that the renowned sculptor Gilroy Roberts has chosen as the subject of the en-

... where met the Sons of Liberty

"The Liberty Tree"

... by Gilroy Roberts

America's foremost sculptor-engraver designs

The Franklin Mint's first crystal plate



Revolutionary era woodcut depicts American colonists gathered under the Liberty Tree off Boston Common to hang Stamp Act tax collectors in effigy.

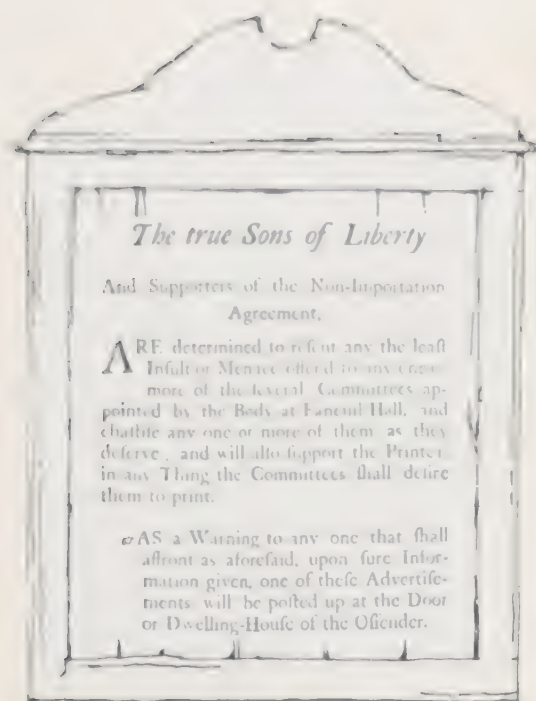
graved design for The Franklin Mint's first crystal plate.

"While I was working on my design for the *Liberty Tree* plate," Roberts says, "I became intrigued by two very different aspects of the project.

"The first was the *Liberty Tree* itself—a marvelous symbol of America's struggle for freedom 200 years ago. Like the spirit of Liberty, the tree was a living, growing thing. Its very shape—the depth of its roots, the

strength of its trunk and the powerful reach of its branches—evokes the continuing vigor of the spirit of freedom in America.

"The second was the exciting challenge of working in fine crystal—an art medium I've admired for a very long time. Smooth and heavy, yet incredibly clear, crystal offers the artist a number of advantages. For one, it will accept an exceptionally *deep* engraving and, for another, crystal has



A Sons of Liberty handbill, above, the original of which is now in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Below, an engraving from the Colonial period depicts the Battle of Golden Hill between the Sons of Liberty and British troops.



the almost “magical” ability to bend, transmit and focus light so that it literally illuminates the design.”

The Franklin Mint’s first crystal plate will be hand-blown for the mint in full lead crystal by the 250-year-old firm of Orrefors/Sweden, one of the world’s oldest and most prestigious producers of fine lead crystal.

The plates—finished except for the engraved design—will then be shipped from Sweden to the United States. And here the *Liberty Tree* design will be engraved into its surface under the direction of master engravers.

The result will be an exquisite work of art that is a truly fitting tribute to the ideals of those pre-Revolutionary patriots who first gathered under the shelter of the *Liberty Tree* to champion their country’s resistance to the detested Stamp Act.

The Act had been passed by Parliament over the stubborn opposition of William Pitt and others sympathetic

to the colonists—“these sons of liberty,”—as that “Irish terrier” Isaac Barré first termed them during an opposition speech to the House of Commons.

Designed to raise revenue that would help defray the cost of quartering British troops in the Colonies—troops the colonists would have willingly done without, by the way—the Act imposed burdensome taxes on newspapers, pamphlets, all legal documents—even dice and playing cards! More significantly, it was the first *direct* tax Parliament had ever tried to levy in America.

Taxes were to be paid in coin of the realm. Any transactions made without payment of the tax were held to be invalid, and penalties for transgression were to be meted out by the hated Vice Admiralty Courts—which imposed summary judgment without benefit of trial by jury. As a sop to the Colonies, the Act also provided that only Americans were to be appointed as issuing agents of the tax stamps—at a salary of £350 a year.

Those few Americans—mostly Tories—who sought these jobs quickly had cause to regret their folly. For the Sons of Liberty, now active throughout the thirteen colonies, were determined that the Stamp Act would never be enforced. And they were prepared to use whatever means might be necessary to frustrate its employment.

Burning in effigy was particularly effective. And, for those tax agents who resisted this suggestion that they abandon their foolishness, tar and feathers proved a persuasive deterrent. In fact, so intimidating was the spectacle of the massed Sons of Liberty advancing on the home of a tax agent from their rallying point under the *Liberty Tree*, that the Tory hireling usually took instant heel to the nearest British fort.

And so zealous were the Sons of Liberty in enforcing the tax boycott that, with the exception of a brief period in Georgia, the Stamp Act tax

never was collected in the American Colonies. Finally—after a petition from the Stamp Act Congress, which met in New York City in October of 1765; after appeals from British merchants, whose trade with the colonies had dropped by 25 percent; after a personal and eloquent plea to the House of Commons from Benjamin Franklin, and following growing calls for repeal from His Majesty's loyal opposition—King George III revoked the Stamp Act on October 18, 1766.

When news of the repeal reached the colonies the following month, there was general rejoicing throughout America, and toasts were drunk to the King by a people who were still

generally loyal to the British crown.

Soon afterward, however, America's jubilation soured into bitter anger with the arrival of news that her hard-fought victory over the Stamp Act had been turned into a hollow mockery by a new act of treachery. For on the very day of the Royal repeal—on that *same* day—Parliament passed into law the even more infamous Declaratory Act.

Under this new and heavier yoke, Parliament took for itself the exclusive authority to make laws binding on the American colonies "in all cases whatsoever"—including the right to levy taxes.

At once, the Sons of Liberty

throughout the colonies regrouped under their Liberty Trees—even under Liberty *Poles* in those towns where vengeful British troops had cut down the rallying tree. And their purpose now was far more deadly than the abolition of an unwanted tax.

For now the forging of gun barrels sounded throughout the mills of America—beating a call to arms that tolled the coming of the American Revolution like the thunder of an approaching storm.

* * *

Franklin Mint collectors will learn more about the *Liberty Tree*—and about The Franklin Mint's *first* crystal plate—in the very near future. 

Crystal . . . conceived in fire, born of light

To fully appreciate the *beauty* of full lead crystal, it is only necessary to hold it in the hand. To feel its weight and velvety smoothness; to see the brilliance of its sparkle and its incredible clarity; to hear the bell-like chime of a crystal plate when it is tapped.

Yet to understand the true *magic* of fine crystal, one must really understand what crystal is. Because, in point of fact, crystal is frozen light!

For to see fine crystal in its *natural* state, it must be heated to a temperature of 2200 degrees Fahrenheit—the temperature at which it will flow. In its *finished* state—as most of us see it—full lead crystal is actually a super-cooled liquid.

It is not a solid! Crystal has *no* melting point. It has neither the geometric shape nor the atomic structure of a solid. Its components are trapped in a perpetual state of suspension so that, in crystal, man has *truly* captured light—and frozen it!

To learn the origins of crystal, it is necessary to hopscotch through the pages of history—and specifically the

history of glassmaking. For, although it is true that all crystal is glass, it is certainly *not* true that all glass is crystal. And ordinary glass is as inferior to crystal as common earthenware is to fine porcelain.

At some early point in the earth's formation—long before the invention of measured time—a bolt of lightning flashed out of the still-darkened skies above this barren planet and struck a bed of sand. In that instant, the sand was fused into a crystalline mass. And nature herself had created the first glass.

Man's attempts to duplicate nature's feat, however, did not succeed until sometime around the year 4000 B.C., when man-made glass was first produced in ancient Mesopotamia. Then a crudely-formed mixture of sand, ash and lime, it was used only to glaze clay pottery. And it was not until about 1500 B.C., in Egypt, that vessels of true glass were produced.

Around 30 B.C., the invention of the glassblower's pipe—which allowed a craftsman to form glass

around a bubble of air—greatly facilitated the making of glass. As a result, its production spread from the Near East throughout southern Europe. And there, the art of glassmaking continued its slow progress until, in 1674, the Englishman George Ravenscroft discovered the ingredient for making fine crystal. His secret: *lead oxide*.

And it is this same simple element that, when combined with other elements and fused together by fire and air, still forms the basis for one of the world's greatest treasures—full lead crystal.

There is yet one other aspect of fine crystal that must be considered. And it could be called the spiritual. For there is perhaps nothing fashioned by the hand of man that uses humbler means to achieve a more magnificent end. And in an age dominated by the machine, crystal remains—almost alone—truly the handwork of man.

So it is the genius of the artist and the skill of the craftsman that finally creates this highest expression of the *cristallier's* art.

Vivacious Virginia Culver

*Former president of the American Numismatic Association
joins The Franklin Mint as an ambassador of good will*

PITTSBURGH-BORN Virginia Culver is a warm and gracious person. A fun-loving woman with a ready smile and a hearty laugh that can charm the birds right out of the trees. Good natured and friendly.

All quite true—but. Virginia Culver is *not* Andy Hardy's mother.

For this one-time schoolteacher is also the determined lady who, between 1961 and 1973, pursued a casual search for a penny into a career as President of the ANA—the *only*

woman ever to head the American Numismatic Association. And, on her way to the top, Mrs. Culver also took time out (1964 to 1966) to serve as President of TAMS—the *only* woman ever to head the national Token and Medal Society.

Virginia Culver, then, is a dedicated achiever. An active woman, who is ready to claim her place on the male podium and add a scent of Chanel to the air of the smoke-filled room. Firm and decisive.

Yes—but. Mrs. Virginia Culver is *no* female chauvinist.

She is, instead, the very model of today's successful American woman. A devoted wife and mother of two grown children who has found the time to follow a career of her own in a field she knows and loves—the world of tokens, coins and medals.

And now, Mrs. Culver—who closed out ten years as an ANA officer last August—has been appointed as a numismatic consultant to The Franklin Mint. Her appointment was announced by William F. Krieg, Vice President of Collector Relations for the mint and a long-time friend and colleague of Mrs. Culver, both in TAMS and the ANA.

"Virginia Culver is probably known to more collectors than any other woman in American numismatics and medallic art," says Krieg, "and we are delighted that she has agreed to join us here at The Franklin Mint as an expert consultant.

"Through her, the mint will continue to strengthen its ties with the numismatic community and, in turn, give that community a closer liaison with The Franklin Mint. She will be, in effect, a two-way ambassador of good will," Krieg adds.

In her new capacity with the mint, Mrs. Culver will attend coin shows, club meetings and conventions; speak at educational forums, symposiums and other numismatic gatherings, and author articles on coin collecting and exhibiting for The Franklin Mint *Almanac* and other publications, ac-



cording to the statement by Bill Krieg.

But Mrs. Culver is not only looking forward to the academic side of her job. She is anxious to go on meeting and exchanging ideas with her favorite people — collectors. As she puts it, "I like happy people and I find that people who are involved in something they enjoy are the *happiest* people. The collectors I've had the good fortune to meet over the years have been happy, enthusiastic, well-rounded people who are, above all, *real* in their dedication to collecting. That's a pretty hard combination to beat in any group of people."

As in the case of so many collectors, Virginia Culver came to the avocation that became her career almost by accident. While living with her family in northern California in the early 1960s, she was asked by an aunt in Kentucky to obtain a San Francisco Mint Lincoln-head penny.

"It was that simple," says Mrs. Culver, a little too modestly.

Through the fulfilling of that simple request, Mrs. Culver's interest in coins and medals was aroused. In quick succession, she joined a local coin club, the American Numismatic Association and the then fledgling Token and Medal Society. As her enthusiasm — and her collection — grew, she found herself becoming more and more involved with the affairs of TAMS. So active did she become, in fact, that she was elected treasurer of TAMS in her very first year as a member.

Shortly thereafter, she advanced to the position of vice president and then, in 1964, Virginia Culver was elected as the first woman president of the Token and Medal Society.

The following year, 1965, Mrs. Culver was elected to the first of five consecutive two-year terms on the board of governors of the American Numismatic Association. She ran for and won the ANA vice presidency in 1971 and, two years later, took over as ANA President after a hotly contested election.

The ANA enjoyed unprecedented growth during Mrs. Culver's two years as its President, and her administration was marked by notable achievements — not the least of which was a sharp increase in membership. Overall, the ranks of the ANA rose ten percent — to 33,000 — during her term of office, with more members signing up during the past year than joined in the first 46 years of the ANA's existence!

Just last January, the Numismatic Museum at ANA's national headquarters in Colorado Springs, Colorado, added three new galleries — made possible largely through the efforts of Virginia Culver, who worked tirelessly to raise funds for the project. And negotiations she initiated with the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration resulted in a \$28,000 federal grant to enable the ANA to publish a catalog of all coins and medals issued to commemorate America's Bicentennial.

In addition to her duties as chief executive and principal spokeswoman for the ANA — duties that have taken her to every corner of the country — Mrs. Culver is also an active and talented writer and editor in the field of numismatics. She has authored numerous columns and feature articles for every major numismatic publication and last year retired after six years as editor of the *TAMS Journal*.

Drawing on the extensive knowledge of Franklin Mint issues gained through her long-time membership in The Franklin Mint Collectors Society, Mrs. Culver joined with Chester L. Krause last year, as she did in 1974, to coauthor the 1975 edition of the *Guidebook of Franklin Mint Issues*. Published last August by Krause Publications, Inc., of Iola, Wisconsin, the new edition of the Guidebook contains more than 200 pages and lists virtually every collectible ever issued in the history of The Franklin Mint from 1965 through last year.

Mrs. Culver's role in numismatics has brought her many honors. Fore-

most among them are her inclusion in the 1974 Directory of American Scholars, which is compiled by the American Council of Learned Societies; a listing in the 1976 edition of *Who's Who in America*, and inclusion in the soon to be published 1976 edition of *The World Who's Who of Women*, published by Melrose Press of Cambridge, England.

When not traveling for The Franklin Mint, Mrs. Culver will rejoin her husband, John, in their recently acquired new home in Irvine, California. John Culver, a marketing executive with a national paint accessories company is *not*, by the way, a numismatic collector.

How does her husband feel about her work in the world of coins and medals — and the great amount of time she has had to devote to it?

"Although John is not that interested in numismatics," says Mrs. Culver, "he is pleased with my success in a field that I find so stimulating. I think he's really proud of me."

And does her husband agree?

"Yes, I do," says John Culver. "But I'll tell you one thing. I'm awfully glad that when Virginia's aunt asked her to look up that penny, she didn't ask her instead to check up on some political question. I don't know how I'd feel being married to the Governor of California."



Virginia Culver with Franklin Mint Vice President Bill Krieg.

Collectors Society Newsletter

A MONTHLY REPORT TO FRANKLIN MINT COLLECTORS SOCIETY MEMBERS

THE BICENTENNIAL NOTEBOOK

PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT
ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE
INHABITANTS THEREOF: LEV. XXV 10

. . . .

By the time you read this issue of the *Almanac*, the bell that carries this prophetic and inspiring inscription will be housed in its new and uniquely-designed pavilion on Independence Mall in Philadelphia.

The relocation of the Liberty Bell — from the Tower Room of Independence Hall, across Chestnut Street and into its new home — will have taken place with all the "pomp and circumstance" deserving of the bell that first proclaimed our nation's liberty 200 years ago.

As this is written, however, it is mid-December, and the actual move — scheduled for New Year's Eve — is still some two weeks in the future. We have decided, therefore, to exercise our editorial license and — following the scenario prepared by the people who run the Independence National Historical Park — project you forward to that historic night "when the Liberty Bell was moved."

. . . .

It is still an hour before midnight. But the crowd — expected to swell to more than 150,000 people — has already begun to as-

semble on Independence Mall under a brilliantly clear, star-lit sky. (Let us hope that it will not rain or snow in Philadelphia on New Year's Eve!)

Soon, people are everywhere, pressing into every corner of the eighteen-acre mall, even spilling out into the streets beyond. Young people huddle together against the near-freezing temperature. Older couples stand with their arms locked together, their eyes bright and the memories of lifetimes spent together reflected in their faces.

Troops of Boy Scouts stand wearily at attention, and babes in arms nod peacefully, happily unaware of the pageant unfolding around them. The strains of patriotic music fill the night air as New Year's Eve revellers raise their voices in happy and discordant harmony. The mood is joyous!

At a few minutes before midnight, the small Centennial Bell atop Independence Hall begins to ring out — once, twice . . . thirteen times in all! — in tribute to our Thirteen Original States.

Then precisely at the stroke of twelve — in the very first instant of our Bicentennial Year — the Mall is plunged into darkness. There is a hushed pause. Suddenly, it is broken by a spectacular burst of fireworks that ignites the midnight sky in a blaze of color, as enormous searchlights cast beams that flash against the doors of Independence Hall.

The doors then open slowly, and the Liberty Bell is drawn out by workmen on a specially-constructed platform. An honor guard, made up of local, state, and national leaders accompanies the bell as it moves slowly across the Quadrangle, to the cheers of 150,000 happy onlookers.

At twenty minutes past twelve, the Liberty Bell is safely housed in its new pavilion. The crowd, many now misty-eyed and others weeping unashamedly, is asked to observe a moment of silence in honor of the

patriots of our past — of all the men and women who gave their lives to win and to keep our nation's freedom.

The silent seconds tick by. And then the hush is shattered by a deafening chorus of chimes and whistles as every church bell, every ship in the harbor, every school bell and factory whistle in Philadelphia thunders out an echo to the message first sounded by the Liberty Bell 200 years before! And the crowd joins in — singing, dancing, cheering and applauding in the most glorious tribute ever paid to this lasting symbol of American Liberty.

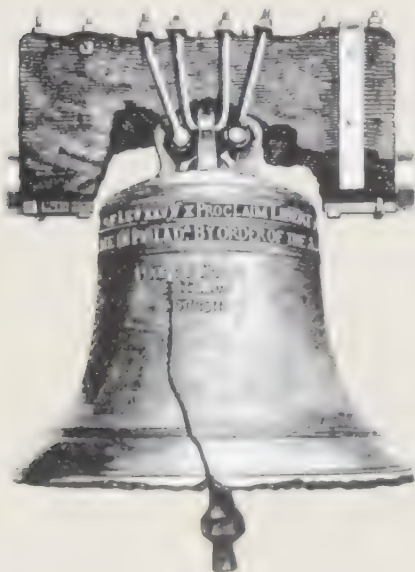
And that — the fates being kind — is how it will happen this New Year's Eve.

. . . .

The Liberty Bell, however, did not have so bright a beginning.

Ordered by Philadelphia colonists in 1751 for placement in the steeple of their State House, the bell that was to ring out the message of independence a quarter-century later, was cast at the Whitechapel Foundry in London. It reached Philadelphia in August 1752, after a stormy voyage across the Atlantic. As soon as it was uncrated, the State House Bell (as it was then known) was placed on a temporary stand to be "tried out" before the official raising ceremony. To the horror of the assembled colonists, however, when the bell rang out its *first* note in the New World — *it cracked!*

The disappointed colonists hoped to return the bell to Whitechapel for recasting. But the captain of the next ship sailing to



A young woman prepares to sound the newly-cast Liberty Bell with a hammer in this 1753 painting, *The Bell's First Note*, by colonial artist J.L.G. Ferris.

England could not make room for the 2,080 pound object. And so, true to Colonial America's talent for improvisation, the bell was recast here by John Pass and John Stow at Stow's foundry in Philadelphia.

But another disappointment was in store — the sound emitted from this recast bell resembled a loud "bonk," rather than a "gong," and the bell was recast a second time — making it the *third* bell! Although this bell still did not ring out with the melodious sound everyone had hoped for, it was *at least* acceptable. Thus, on June 7, 1753, the bell was finally placed in the steeple of the State House.

It rang officially for the first time on August 27, 1753, when it was used to call the Pennsylvania Assembly together. Ironically, this assembly passed one of the early acts of rebellion against England — Pennsylvania's decision to continue issuing its own currency in direct disobedience to orders from England.

The Liberty Bell rang in normal use for the next 23 years. Then, on July 8, 1776, it was used to help announce the most memorable event in our nation's history. For on that morning it rang out to summon the people of Philadelphia to the State House. And there, precisely at noon, Colonel John Nixon of the Philadelphia City Guard read the Declaration of Independence to a joyous crowd.

The next year brought great changes for the country — and for the Liberty Bell. After the outbreak of the American Revolution, and as British troops advanced on Philadelphia, all bells — including the Liberty Bell — were ordered evacuated. The reasoning behind this order is easy to understand. The Liberty Bell contains 2,080 pounds of bronze. At sixteen one-ounce

musket balls to the pound, it would have given the British about 33,000 rounds of ammunition!

And so, the Liberty Bell was spirited away to Allentown, Pennsylvania, hidden among a train of 700 wagons and surrounded by 200 cavalymen. For almost nine months, the Liberty Bell remained in the basement of Allentown's Zion High German Reform Church. Then, by June of 1778, the danger to Philadelphia was over — and the bell was returned to its tower.

There is today still much confusion as to when the Liberty Bell — the *third* bell — cracked! The most widely accepted story says that the first hairline crack appeared when the Liberty Bell tolled the death of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, on July 8, 1835. But the crack that rendered the Liberty Bell virtually silent happened when the bell was rung in celebration of Washington's Birthday, 1846.

An account, which appeared in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* on February 26, 1846, reported these details: "... (the bell) appeared to be in excellent condition until noon, when it received a sort of compound fracture in a zig-zag direction through one of its sides which put it completely out of tune and left it a mere wreck of what it was."

Ironically, it was after the bell was silenced that its life as our national symbol of liberty began. Today, Americans come by

the thousands to Independence Hall each year, and many more visitors are expected during America's Bicentennial year.

It was with this in mind that the Independence National Historical Park made the decision to relocate the Liberty Bell from the Tower Room, where only about twenty visitors can view it at one time, to its own pavilion — which can accommodate up to a hundred persons at a time.

The Liberty Bell can be viewed 24 hours a day from outside of its glass-walled pavilion. The pavilion will be open each day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. for those visitors who would like a closer look. There is, of course, no charge. When you are in Philadelphia this year — as we're sure you'll want to be — include the Liberty Bell among your stops as you help to celebrate America's 200th birthday.

Bud Henry
Editor

(P.S. Although my name appears at the conclusion of this month's Bicentennial Notebook, it should not. For this account of the history and moving of the Liberty Bell was researched and written by the Almanac's new editorial assistant Edwina (Eddy) West, in whom we are all pleased. — B.H.)



Architect's model of the new Liberty Bell Pavilion in Independence Mall.



kona surf

*Scouting report from Bill Krieg
on "Hawaiian Holiday '76!"*

October 31, 1975

Dear Bud,

I've just completed a whirlwind preview of the four Hawaiian islands our Members will be visiting next April. And right now, I'm sitting on the balcony outside my room here at the Kona Surf -- and thought I'd like to share some of my impressions with you.

First off, Hawaii isn't just our 50th state -- it's a state of mind! From the moment I stepped off the plane at Honolulu International Airport, I sensed a totally different atmosphere. The quieter pace, the overwhelming beauty of the islands and the friendly, yet dignified, attitude that the Hawaiians project when they greet a visitor.

You know, when we were first planning this "Hawaiian Holiday" tour, I was a bit concerned that the trip might be a little too "energetic" for some. But, after this visit, I now realize that, to really get to know Hawaii, you've got to see all four main islands. Because each island is as different from the next as New York is from California, and each island offers its own particular charm or interesting attraction.

I know the ladies on our trip will especially enjoy the boat ride up the Wailua River on the island of Kauai that finishes up at the Fern Grotto. And even their husbands will melt the first time they hear the Hawaiian Wedding Song.

On the island of Maui, I think I saw the longest rainbow I've ever seen in my life. And, knowing how you enjoy food, have you ever eaten a Maui onion? The largest and sweetest I've ever tasted, it's a gastronomic delight! I'll try to bring you one home.

The surfing off Oahu is a spectator sport as well as one in which all the young Hawaiians seem to participate. This morning, as I looked out from my room at Waikiki Beach, I could watch the surfers working their way out to the breakers, looking for the big ones. I think I'll be back to see it all again.

Golf & Tennis Guide



POLYNESIAN CULTURAL CENTER

HAWAII'S ONE DAY TOUR

kona surf



The "big island" of Hawaii is one of striking visual contrasts. Kona is tropical and looks like the setting of a James Mitchner novel. On my trip across the island, I traveled through endless green valleys crisscrossed by fields of black lava that had spilled down from the now dormant volcanoes above.

Then, on the way to Hilo, I passed miles of orchid nurseries and macadamia nut farms. The orchids were everywhere and beautiful; the macadamia nuts -- delicious!

A word about the hotels. Be sure that, when you prepare the article about the trip for the January Almanac, you tell our collectors that they are in for a special treat. Every hotel is exquisitely appointed, the food is superb and the service is both friendly and efficient. And all the rooms are magnificent. The Cook people have certainly made an excellent choice of our hotel rooms.

I don't know whether this letter will reach Franklin Center before I do, because I don't know when I'll be able to tear myself away from all the beauty I've found here.

So you might tell our Members to look carefully at the people who greet them at the airport when they arrive in Honolulu. They just may find me waving "Aloha"!

Best regards,

Bill

Bill

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Your Franklin Mint

Representatives' Datebook

Your FM Representatives' Datebook

Following are meetings and other events at which Franklin Mint Representatives will appear during January and February. Representatives are available to coin clubs and service organizations for speaking engagements. However, because of the demands on their time, they cannot travel long distances unless they have several meetings in the same area. Members wishing to discuss representatives' engagements should call Mrs. Kathleen Miller at (215) 459-6120 for further details. Members who wish to attend particular meetings and require additional information should write to Collector Relations, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

JANUARY 8-11

Ed Quagliana and Virginia Culver
Miami Beach International
Mid-Winter Coin Convention
Deauville Hotel
Ocean and 67th Street
Miami Beach, Florida

JANUARY 10-11

Dan Harley
Greenville Coin Show
Downtown Motor Inn
Greenville, Mississippi

JANUARY 11

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
San Bernardino Coin Club Show
San Bernardino Convention Center
California Room
San Bernardino, California

JANUARY 16-18

Glenn Gundelfinger and Bill Krieg
Arizona Rare Coin Club Show
Braniff Place
180 West Broadway
Tucson, Arizona

JANUARY 18-18

Ed Quagliana
Palm Beach Antique Show
Colonnades Beach Hotel
Singer Island
Palm Beach Shores, Florida
(Admission Charge: \$1.75)



JANUARY 24-25

Dan Harley and Bill Krieg
Tri-Lakes Coin Club Show
Convention Auditorium
Broadway Square
Hot Springs, Arkansas

JANUARY 24-25

Glenn Gundelfinger
Red River Valley Coin Club
Annual Coin Show
Holiday Inn West Acres
Fargo, North Dakota

JANUARY 24-25

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell and Virginia Culver
San Jose Coin Show
Hyatt House Motel
1740 North First Street
San Jose, California

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 1

Dan Harley
Greater Houston Coin Club Show
Shamrock Hilton Hotel
Houston, Texas

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 1

Ed Quagliana
Great Valley Coin Show
Holiday Inn
260 Goddard Boulevard
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 7-8

Glenn Gundelfinger
and Virginia Culver
Albuquerque Coin Show
Convention Center
Albuquerque, New Mexico

FEBRUARY 14-15

Dan Harley
15th Annual Coinival
Fountainbleau Motor Hotel
Tulane at Carrollton Streets
New Orleans, Louisiana

FEBRUARY 19-22

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell, Bill Krieg
and Virginia Culver
Numismatic Association of Southern
California Show
Hilton Hotel
7th and Figueroa Streets
Los Angeles, California

FEBRUARY 27-29

Ed Quagliana
Fourth Annual Suburban Washington
Coin Show
Sheraton Inn
8500 Annapolis Road
Lanham, Maryland

Recent Issues

OF THE FRANKLIN MINT

This department lists some of the many interesting medals, coins and other collector's items recently created by The Franklin Mint.

Proprietary series of The Franklin Mint, usually issued over a period of months or years, are sold by advance subscription only. Occasionally, a subscriber will relinquish his rights to one of these series. For details about obtaining relinquished rights to a particular series, please write to Collector Information, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

Information on the size and limits of each edition is published annually in the reference catalog *Limited Editions of The Franklin Mint*. Individual collectors who wish to obtain such information for any new Franklin Mint issue before publication of the annual catalog may do so by sending their requests, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Editor of the *Almanac* no earlier than 90 days after the subscription deadline date for that issue.

Catalog numbers for all issues shown are preliminary and are subject to change.

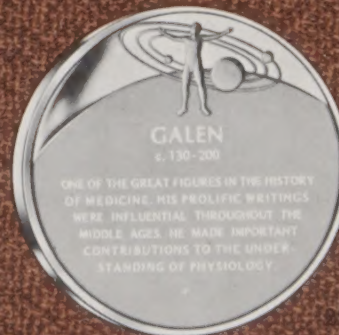
SCI-75-3 / 200th Anniversary of the U.S. Marine Corps This *Special Commemorative Issue*, struck by The Franklin Mint and issued by the Marine Corps League, marks the establishment by the Second Continental Congress on November 10, 1775, of the Continental Marines, predecessors of today's U.S. Marine Corps. First recruited at the Tun Tavern in Philadelphia, the original unit consisted of two battalions of seagoing sharpshooters. Since that time, the Marine Corps has grown into a highly mobile fighting force of some 200,000 men and women. *Sculptor*: Daniel Stapleford. *Size*: 39mm. *Proof Editions*: 18-karat gold, sterling silver, Franklin Bronze. SCI sponsors retain the right to issue additional Proof and non-Proof specimens.



LGW-3 / Washington Assumes Command As the Summer of 1775 drew near, it had become clear that the Thirteen American Colonies were being drawn into an unavoidable war with England. The American Minutemen had already fought English troops at the battles of Lexington and Concord, and Boston was occupied by the British. Recognizing the need for a strong military leader to organize their forces, the Second Continental Congress on June 15, 1775, named George Washington as commander-in-chief of the colonial army. Washington answered the call and went on to lead America to victory in the Revolutionary War. Washington's assumption of military command is the subject of the third medal in the *Great Moments in the Life of George Washington* collection. *Sculptor*: Gerald Miller. *Size*: 39mm. *Proof Edition*: gold on sterling.



HSC-9 / Galen The last of the great ancient physicians, Galen was of Greek origin and is believed to have been born about 130 A.D. in Pergamon. After medical studies at Smyrna, Corinth and Alexandria, Galen traveled to Rome in 161 A.D. to set up a medical practice, eventually becoming chief physician to Emperor Marcus Aurelius. As a master of anatomy, Galen adhered to the view of Aristotle and believed that nature acted with perfect wisdom and that each organ was designed to perfectly perform its established function. A diagram of Galen's conception of the internal structure of the body is shown on the obverse of the ninth medal in *The Franklin Mint Medallion History of Science*. *Sculptor*: Charles Ross. *Size*: 39mm. *Proof Edition*: sterling silver.





OPS-23 / "When I am laid in earth" This famous aria from Henry Purcell's 17th century English opera *Dido and Aeneas* is the subject of the twenty-third medal in *The La Scala Bicentennial Treasury of Opera's Most Beautiful Moments*. Based on episodes from Virgil's *Aeneid*, the opera is set in and around the ancient city of Carthage in the 12th century B.C. Dido, queen of Carthage, has given refuge to Aeneas, a Trojan prince, after the fall of Troy. The two fall in love, but their joy is short-lived. Falsely told that the gods have commanded him to sail to Italy, Aeneas reluctantly obeys. Heartbroken, Dido sings the tragic aria "When I am laid in earth," and succumbing to her despair, expires. *Sculptor*: Caesar Rufo. *Size*: 45mm. *Proof Edition*: gold on sterling.



TLS-47 / Crispin et Scapin This painting, one of only a few by the famed French lithographer Honoré Daumier (1808-1879), was inspired by a comedy by Molière and is the subject of the forty-seventh issue in the *Treasures of the Louvre* collection. The two characters depicted are shown as they appeared in "Fourberies de Scapin" (The Knavish Tricks of Scapin). Daumier, like Toulouse-Lautrec and Degas after him, was intrigued by the artificial lighting of the theatre, which simplifies contours and masses and brings out the essential features of the characters in striking contrast and sharp relief. *Sculptor*: Roger Bertrand Baron. *Size*: 45mm. *Proof Edition*: sterling silver. Other editions, for collectors outside the United States, are minted in the United Kingdom, Canada, Mexico and Japan.

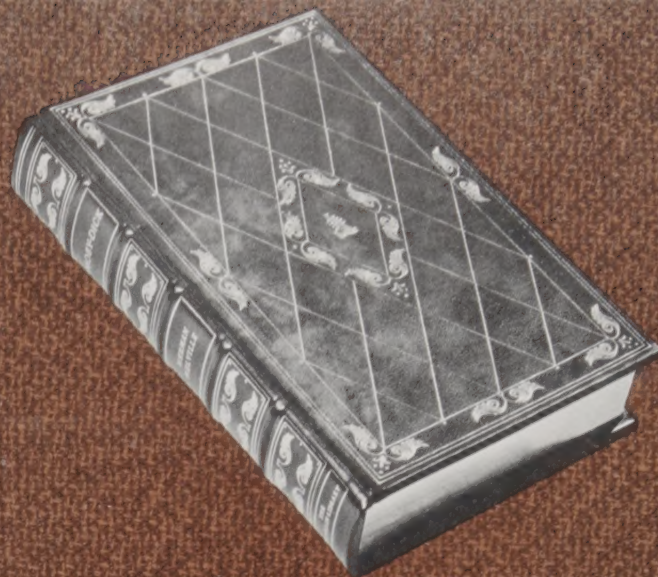


RMS-33 / Christ Driving the Money-Changers out of the Temple The Biblical account of Christ's expulsion of the merchants and money-lenders from the temple is the subject of the thirty-third issue of *The Genius of Rembrandt* collection. The scene illustrates a passage from the Gospel of St. Mark: "Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple . . ." Taken from an etching created by Rembrandt in 1635, the theme appears to have been adapted by Rembrandt from an earlier woodcut by Albrecht Dürer. The image on Rembrandt's original plate, which still exists today in Paris, corresponds both in pose and position with Dürer's model. *Sculptor*: Clayton Blaker. *Size*: 51mm. *Proof Edition*: sterling silver. *Regular Edition*: sterling silver.

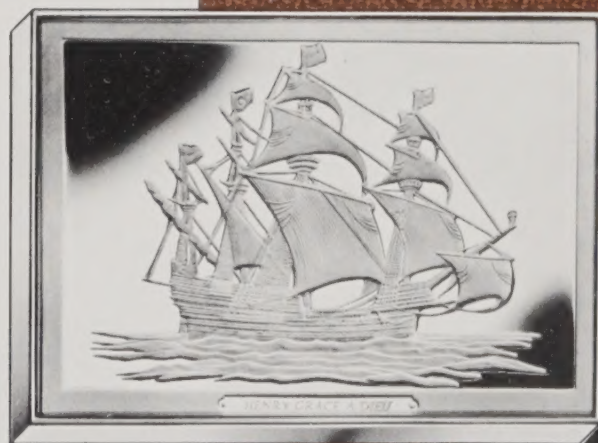


HMS-17 / Erasmus of Rotterdam One of the greatest portraitists of all time, Hans Holbein the Younger met the great Dutch humanist Desiderius Erasmus in the 1520s. Erasmus became the subject of several of Holbein's portraits, the most famous of which is the subject of the seventeenth issue in *The Hundred Greatest Masterpieces* collection. Like all of Holbein's works, "Erasmus of Rotterdam" reveals the precise and sensitive draftsmanship he learned from his father, a renowned painter in the Gothic style. Yet more than being well-executed, it is a perceptive portrayal of a Renaissance man—a brilliant study of a great scholar and thinker. *Sculptor*: Richard Renninger. *Size*: 51mm. *Proof Edition*: gold on sterling. *Regular Edition*: sterling silver.

HGB-1 / Moby Dick by Herman Melville This first book in The Franklin Library's *100 Greatest Books of All Time* limited edition collection is an epic tale of whaling. Written in 1851, *Moby Dick* tells the story of a great white whale pursued relentlessly by Captain Ahab and his crew in the whaler, *Pequod*. A fascinating adventure story, the book is also a deeply symbolic study of good and evil. The book is covered in top grain black cowhide with ornamentation in 24 karat gold. Page edges are gilded in pure gold, and the end sheets are covered in imported moiré fabric. The fifty-nine illustrations in *Moby Dick* were created especially for this Franklin Library limited edition by noted illustrator Ronald Keller. They are based on the fine line art used for steel engravings during the time Melville was at work.



HGB-2 / Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift Written in 1726, *Gulliver's Travels* is the second work in The Franklin Library's *100 Greatest Books of All Time* limited edition collection. The book is written as a travel journal of the voyages taken by a ship's surgeon, Lemuel Gulliver, to four imaginary nations—each inhabited by very bizarre people. *Gulliver's Travels* has become a children's classic, for it is full of adventures, strange creatures and clever conversation. Ironically, it is also one of the greatest satires ever written and deals with man's moral nature and the institutions he has devised. This Franklin Library limited edition of *Gulliver's Travels* is illustrated by Charles Edmund Brock. The book is covered in top grain cowhide with ornamentation in 24 karat gold. The end sheets are covered in imported moiré fabric and pages are edged in gold.



GS1-15 / Henry Grâce à Dieu The Henry Grâce à Dieu—or Great Harry, as she was commonly called—was the first true warship to be designed as such for England's Royal Navy. Launched in 1514, during the reign of Henry VIII, the Great Harry—subject of the fifteenth ingot in *The Great Sailing Ships of History* collection—was awesome for her time. Approximately 165 feet in length, the 1,500-ton ship carried four masts and twelve sails. She bristled with cannons and was manned by 700 sailors, soldiers and gunners. Even so, the ship proved cumbersome in heavy seas and had to be extensively redesigned in 1536. Although this mighty man-of-war was the pride of the Royal Navy, she never fired a shot in anger and was destroyed by fire in 1553 as she lay tied to her moorings in Woolrich Harbor. *Sculptor:* Daniel Caimi. *Weight:* 1500 grains. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver. Other editions, for collectors outside the United States, are minted in Italy, Canada, the Netherlands and Japan.

HENRY GRACE A DIEU Sixteenth Century

A symbol of national pride, the Henry Grâce à Dieu is traditionally regarded as the first ship of the British Navy. The mighty 1,500-ton warship bristled with cannons but proved too top-heavy for stability in high seas. Modified in 1536 to reduce her weight, she remained one of the most impressive and powerful warships of her day.





See page 16

The Love Token.

Minted both as a medal and as a pendant — the medal reserved exclusively for Collectors Society Members.

Ordering deadline for the medal: January 31, 1976.

THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091